

GLC**"Day I Die"**

Visit "[Day I Die](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Featuring Dave East

[Intro]

Started with nothing
Talking this, talking that, talk that money, nigga!
Huh?

[Bridge]

In the ghetto shit gets real, I don't care how niggas feel
Heavy metal sits you still, kiss the devil in the grill
Pop a pill, smoke a blunt, take a shot, shake the spot
All these cameras make you hot, I bet these hammers
make 'em drop

[Verse]

I got my shades on, and this head is strong
Them diamonds black just like Akon
I know killers beats, let's not rate poor
Head in my lap like her face gone
Made 8 songs that's like 8 bomb
Just gotta make it, no Trey Songz
Beat knocking that base strong
From the same town that put Mays on
And he came too, I smoke bamboo till them brains stew
Stop copying what your man do
Most count all the bitches I ran through
OG Kush from Oakland, take that to the head like
shampoo
Grand Crew free max beat, all this paper coming in tax
free

[Hook]

I started with a whole lot of nothing
Now I'm trying to take everything they got
These niggas do a whole lot of fronting
Coming from the bottom, starving and take their spot!
All I wanna do is touch a million dollars before the day I
die
All I wanna do is touch a billion dollars before the day I
die
Started with the whole lot of nothing,

Now I'm trying to take everything they got
These niggas do a whole lot of fronting
Coming from the bottom, starving and take their spot!
All I wanna do is touch a million dollars before the day I
die
All I wanna do is touch a billion dollars before the day I
die

[Bridge]

In the ghetto shit gets real, I don't care how niggas feel
Heavy metal sits you still, kiss the devil in the grill
Pop a pill, smoke a blunt, take a shot, shake the spot
All these cameras make you hot, I bet these hammers
make 'em drop

[Verse]

I started back in the '87
I was eleven with a mac '11
I was more about getting paid
But before the folks I kept the weapons
Trying to flip big daddy cane
Nigga what, no half stepping
Then I switch to moving grain, hesitate, I got connected
I hustle hard, all these minds, check 16 I was on the
cars
'90 Lumina ,Impala on the rise
Man, this child had a different meaning
When you see him shoot for the stars
Man, it wasn't about no dreaming, it was about killing
Mars
Fucked up when I look back
With folds got his shit crack
Ma'am, we ain't had no daddy, nobody tell us to get
back
All we knew was two 11's, one eighty-seven and kick
backs
That sucks when I'm trying to sleep, and I'm still hearin'
them click clacks

[Hook]

I started with a whole lot of nothing
Now I'm trying to take everything they got
These niggas do a whole lot of fronting
Coming from the bottom, starving and take their spot!
All I wanna do is touch a million dollars before the day I
die
All I wanna do is touch a billion dollars before the day I
die
Started with the whole lot of nothing,
Now I'm trying to take everything they got
These niggas do a whole lot of fronting

Coming from the bottom, starving and take their spot!
All I wanna do is touch a million dollars before the day I
die
All I wanna do is touch a billion dollars before the day I
die

[Bridge]

In the ghetto shit gets real, I don't care how niggas feel
Heavy metal sits you still, kiss the devil in the grill
Pop a pill, smoke a blunt, take a shot, shake the spot
All these cameras make you hot, I bet these hammers
make 'em drop

[Verse]

I don't need your hand shakes and your fake love
Your fake dust got real heat
Niggas fuck you up and then still speak
She sucked me up, till I feel weak
She nasty, but I love it
My shooter with me in public
Coming from where the house was public
Got myself popping nigga with no budget!
Got them five o, so I ride slow
Smoking hydro till my eyes low
Would it take the bull, hesitate the bull
So just save the bull for Chicago
Get wrapped up like a job roll
Younger, rich, poor the flossin
He cooking up for the fortune
But better ya afford a coffin
Recorders often to catch you
So watch who you stay next to
Extended clips that will stretch you
Shots get send just like a bitch text you
These streets better know my story
Dedication, passion and glory
Glock 9 so clutch robbery
Get us my bike, don't step on my morris nigga!

[Hook]

I started with a whole lot of nothing
Now I'm trying to take everything they got
These niggas do a whole lot of fronting
Coming from the bottom, starving and take their spot!
All I wanna do is touch a million dollars before the day I
die
All I wanna do is touch a billion dollars before the day I
die
Started with the whole lot of nothing,
Now I'm trying to take everything they got
These niggas do a whole lot of fronting

Coming from the bottom, starving and take their spot!
All I wanna do is touch a million dollars before the day I
die
All I wanna do is touch a billion dollars before the day I
die

[Bridge]

In the ghetto shit gets real, I don't care how niggas feel
Heavy metal sits you still, kiss the devil in the grill
Pop a pill, smoke a blunt, take a shot, shake the spot
All these cameras make you hot, I bet these hammers
make 'em drop

Visit [GLC](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.